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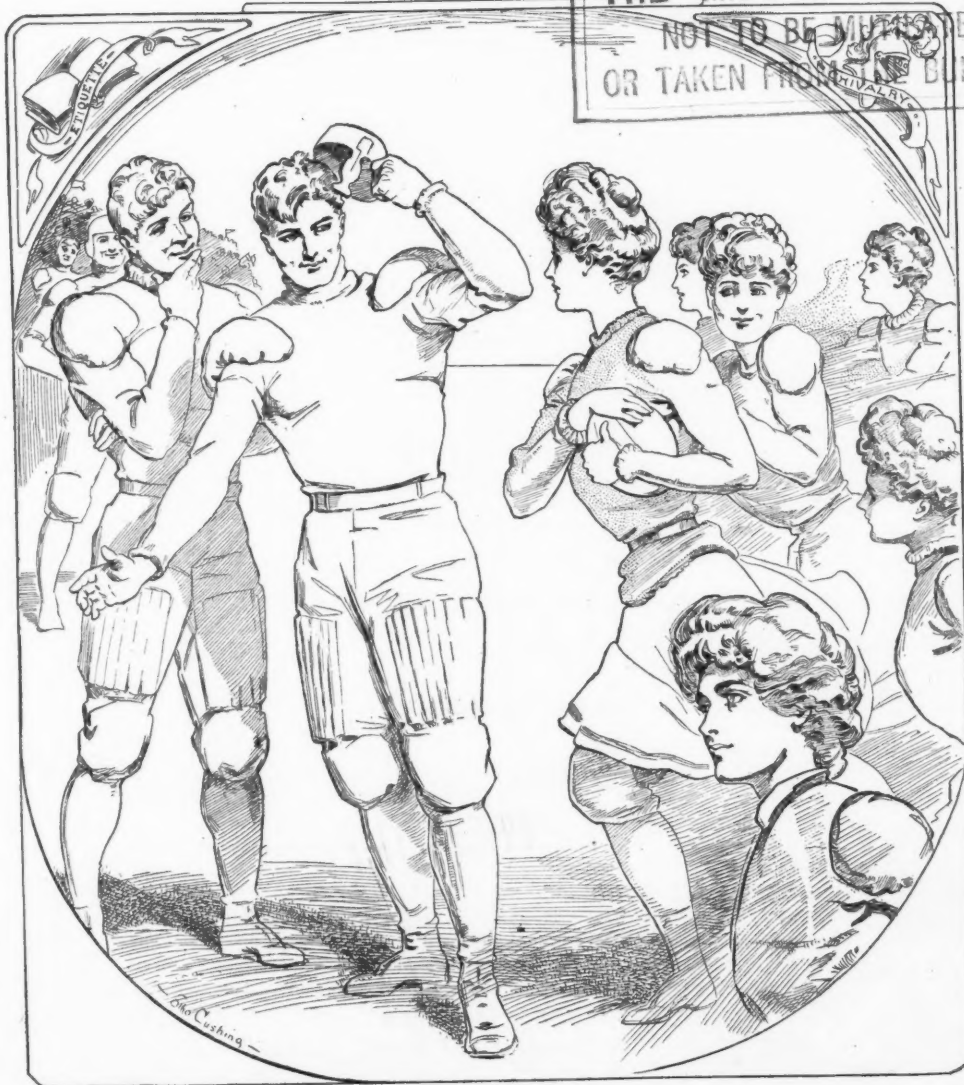
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A Toast to a Lady

THIS poem was reprinted in the San Francisco *Bulletin* a few years ago and credited erroneously to the Editor of LIFE. It has just come to our notice and is given here, first, as an unusual production and well worth reading; secondly, because the real author should have proper credit.

The real author is Langdon Smith:

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the sluggish tide,
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skitted with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived, mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died,
And deep in the rift of the Caradock drift,
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath in the womb of death,
And crept into life again.

Then we were amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And deaf as a dead man's hand,
We sprawled at ease beneath the trees,
Or scrawled through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet,
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint of a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, happy we loved,
And happy we died once more,
And our forms were rolled in the clinging mould
Of a Necromean shore,
And the Aeons came and the Aeons fled
Till the sleep that bound us fast
Was driven away by the dawn of day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or dreamed in the balm of the fronded palm
In the hush of those moonlit nights,
And, oh, what beautiful years were these
Where our hearts clung each to each,
And life was frilled, and the senses thrilled
With the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus, life by life, and death by death,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And love by love, and breath by breath,
We followed the chain of change,
Till there came a time in the law of life,
And o'er the reeking sod
The shadows broke and the soul awoke
In the first dim dream of God.

Then I was thewed like an Auroc bull,
And tasked like the great cave-bear,
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell o'er the main,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We numbered the bones of the slain.

For we lived by blood and the right of might,
Ere human laws were drawn,
For the age of sin did not begin
Till our brutish tusks were gone,
And that was a million years ago,
In a time when no man knows,
Yet here to-night in the mellow light
We sit at Delmonico's.

Your eyes are as deep as the Devon Springs,
Your hair is as black as jet,
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet,
Our trail is on the Kimeridge clay,
In the scarp of the Burbeck flags,
We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
And deep in the Coraline crags.

Our love is old, our life is old,
And death shall come amain,
Should he come to-day, what man may say
That we shall not meet again?
Then as we sit at our dinner here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole, and I, a fish.

Healthy

VISITOR: You say that the climate here is the healthiest in the country.

NATIVE: Yes, sir, our climate certainly has wonderful life-giving properties. Here's an excellent proof. Last summer there were fifteen attempts at suicide. Well, fourteen of them were fruitless.—*Bon Vivant.*

MODERN business methods favor double-entry bookkeeping. In the business colleges when the instructor asks what this sort of bookkeeping is the pupil will reply, winking and smiling: "Double-entry bookkeeping is the keeping of two sets of books, one of which may be produced in court if required."—*Argonaut.*

Parliament of Man

"TO BE or not to be, that is the question!" cried Hamlet in a loud voice, but it was destined that he should proceed no further.

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order," interrupted the Ghost, who had been sitting in one of the rear seats; "the motion to adjourn is not debatable."

Confronted thus by Robert's Rules of Order, the Noble Dane paled, muttered incoherently and sat down. Afterward he had his speech inserted in the *Congressional Record*.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

FRITZI SCHEFF is fond of dogs, and tells the following pretty story, apropos:

"An old lady rented a furnished villa for the summer and with the villa a large dog also went.

"In the sitting-room of the villa there was a very comfortable armchair. The old lady liked this chair better than any other in the house. She always made for it the first thing.

"But, alas, she nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog.

"Being afraid of the dog, she never dared bid it harshly to get out of the chair, as she feared it might bite her; but instead she would go to the window and call 'Cats!'

"Then the dog would rush to the window and bark, and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly.

"One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He strolled over to the window, and, looking out, appeared very much excited, and set up a tremendous barking.

"The old lady rose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter and the dog quietly climbed into the chair."—*Rochester Herald.*

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1907

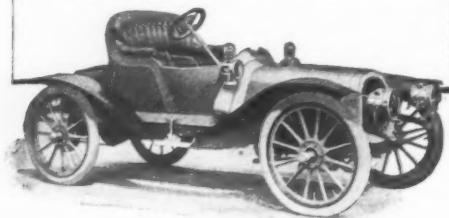
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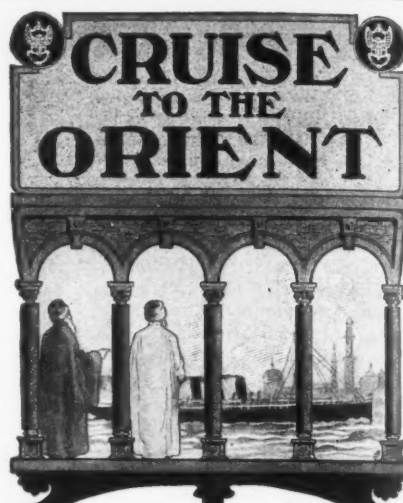
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LIFE



A DEVOUT DISCIPLE

THE BURGLAR, WHO HAD ENTERED THE HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT, AN HOUR BEFORE, AND DURING THE INTERIM HAD BEEN QUIETLY GATHERING TOGETHER IN A NEAT BAG EVERYTHING OF VALUE THAT WAS IN SIGHT, NOW STOOD AT THE FOOT OF THE BED CONTEMPLATING WITH BENEVOLENT ASPECT THE SLEEPING FORM OF THE LADY WHOSE HUSBAND WAS ENJOYING HIMSELF IN TOWN.

"IT MUST BE DONE," HE MUTTERED, RAISING HIS HAND AND SHAKING HER GENTLY.

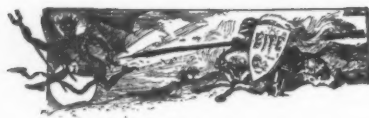
SHE ROSE WITH A START AND A CRY, AS SHE BEHELD THE MUZZLE OF HIS REVOLVER.

"MADAM," HE SAID, QUIETLY, "I REGRET GREATLY TO DISTURB YOUR SLUMBER, BUT THE FACTS ARE THESE: I HAVE JUST GOTTEN ALL YOUR VALUABLES TOGETHER, AND BEFORE LEAVING HAVE PREPARED A LITTLE SPREAD ON THE DINING-ROOM TABLE—A COLD CUT, A SMALL BOTTLE, AND SO FORTH. BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, MADAM, THAT IN THIS AGE OF ROCKEFELLER, THE ETHICS OF MY PROFESSION HAVE GREATLY ADVANCED. MAY I ASK YOU, THEREFORE, IF YOU WILL KINDLY RISE, ACCOMPANY ME TO THE DINING-ROOM AND SAY GRACE?"



NOVEMBER
SAGITTARIUS





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL XLVIII. NOV. 8, 1906. No. 1254.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THIS number of LIFE will find election over. The campaign in New York State has been a real pleasure, and LIFE, for one, is sorry to have it stop.

The forecasters on the Hughes side say at this writing that Mr. Hughes will be elected Governor by 200,000 majority. Mr.

Hearst and his predictors say that they will win by 150,000 votes. The odds in betting circles being three to one on Hughes, we guess he is going to hole out, and hope he will have an impressive score.

Wise men tell us that if Hearst is beaten by 200,000 votes it will finish him as a candidate for office. We would like to see it done, but we are not sure the result would be as the wise men say. For Hearst really has made himself an important representative of some things that are good. It cannot be denied that he stands for the subjection of corporations to the law. He brought and furnished to the Government the evidence on which the New York Central Railroad was lately convicted of giving unlawful rebates. He has repeatedly brought into court powerful and arrogant corporations and had the law on them, with ensuing advantage to the public. We think he is almost as dangerous to the public welfare as the corporations he has fought, but that does not affect the fact that he has done some good and important work.

We confess to increased interest in Col. Hearst, both as a man and as a political force, as the result of his appearance in the late campaign. For one thing, he is the most extraordinary example now in public life of what an energetic man with ideas or dreams can accomplish in American politics provided he has plenty of

money of his own and is willing to use it. His use of money is more interesting than that of any other man in sight. And in some respects it is more ominous.

WHY is it ominous? Because it has been so curiously concentrated on raising up a one-man power.

We have said that Hearst has made himself an important representative of some things that are good. So he has. He stands for the achievement of certain things and the intention to achieve more of the same. In that sense he is representative. But in another sense he stands purely and simply for Hearst and for whatever ideas Hearst may happen at a given time to have in his head. He has been running as the Democratic candidate, but he does not represent the Democratic party of New York. He represents no party and no definite assortment of political or moral convictions. He stands for nothing that is defined in politics, religion or morals.

Mr. Steffens has written a very interesting piece about him in the *American Magazine*. He says that Hearst professes to aim at the restoration of democracy in the United States. It is a good aim, but whatever his aim is, the thing that he is working to establish is not government by the people, but government by Hearst.

President Roosevelt is a good deal of an autocrat. He says "I" on occasion almost as many times to the minute as Hearst does. He stands for the doing of certain things that we want done, and so does Hearst; but Roosevelt represents the people who want those things done, and all the people, as Hearst does not. Roosevelt represents some definite standards of morality—political morality and every other kind. We think we understand about what Roosevelt considers to be right and what he considers to be wrong. But what Hearst thinks is right or wrong, who would venture to define?

HEARST does not represent people. He employs them. He illustrated his attitude and his method in a speech in New York on October 24. Mr. E. B. Whitney was one of the Judiciary Nominators' candidates for judge. Mr. Hughes had said that Mr. Whitney, as a lawyer, won the fight for 80-cent gas, and that Hearst had taken the credit for Whitney's work. Hearst said in his speech: "Mr. Whitney made a couple of appearances in court (in the Gas case) for which I

paid him \$1,500. He also appeared in the Election Fraud cases, and I hired him and paid him and got \$3,700 worth of patriotism out of him." He went on to tell how he bought \$7,500 worth of patriotism from Mr. Austen G. Fox in the same cases, and "\$4,500 worth of patriotism for cash" from Mr. Henry Yonge, and from Lord, Day and Lord, "\$7,500 worth of patriotism for which I paid, and so on through a long list."

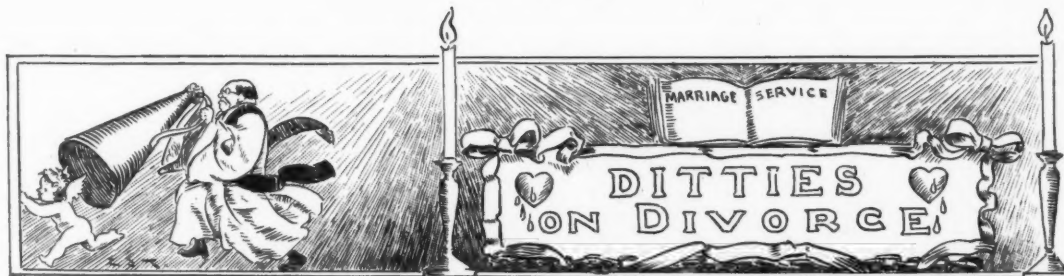
Now, this was amusing, but it was terribly illustrative of Mr. Hearst's methods, which are to pay in cash from the treasury of the Hearst newspapers and the Hearst estate for all the important ebullitions of patriotism that Mr. Hearst finds it expedient to excite.

Who else is in the long list? What are some other items? Are they not \$72,000 worth of patriotism bought annually from Mr. Brisbane; \$25,000 worth of patriotism (or some such amount) from Mr. Shearn; \$40,000 worth of patriotism (perhaps) from Mr. Ihmsen, "and all mine because I paid for them?" It is not alone that the lawyers who argue cases for Mr. Hearst are paid, but that the entire congregation of patriots who advertise and promote him and the causes he affects are paid, and handsomely paid, for their self-effacing labors. They work for Hearst and are paid for it. Hearst gets their patriotism and they get Hearst's money.

THESE are the methods of the trusts.

Mr. Rogers, Mr. Armour, Mr. Havemeyer and the rest must understand them perfectly. Mr. Hearst may say that in using them against the trusts he is but fighting the devil with fire. But they are curious methods, are they not? So unlike Lincoln's methods! So unlike even Roosevelt's methods.

We may not altogether condemn them, for they have borne some good fruit, but they strengthen in us the conviction that though Hearst stands for certain lines of action, when it comes to people he represents nobody but Hearst. He does not represent the people who work for him. He does not represent E. B. Whitney, Austen G. Fox, Lord, Day and Lord, Mr. Yonge, Mr. Brisbane, Mr. Ihmsen, Mr. Shearn. Not at all; it is they who represent him; some of them by the job and some by the year. He does not represent the people who vote for him, either. Whom does he represent? Nobody that we can think of but Hearst.



In re Remarriage

BILL BAKER bought a thoroughbred
And hitched her to a cart;
He overworked, and underfed,
And broke the poor beast's heart.

Then Rev. Dr. Boner ran
To the S. P. C. A.,
And made them send around a man
To take the horse away.

Bill Baker next was roundly fined;
They sold his trembling mare
To Mr. Brown, the good, the kind,
Who promised gentle care.

Now this Bill Baker had a wife
Who saw, with much remorse,
That she'd endured a harder life
Than had Bill Baker's horse.



THEN REV. DR. BONER RAN



HE SOUGHT ELSEWHERE HIS PLEASURE

She'd been his serf for years and years—
He sought elsewhere his pleasure;
He made her weep, then cursed her tears,
And beat her for good measure.

So now she called on Dr. Boner
And told him of her plan:
"You found our mare another owner,
Get me another man."



"PRESERVE THE BEST OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS—
THE RIGHT OF BEING WEAK"

The preacher grew aghast, aghaster;
He cried, "Are you insane?
How dare you thus address your pastor?
Oh, have I praught in vain?"

"I've thundered till my throat was hoarse
At justice's miscarriage.
The world's worst evil is DIVORCE,
Except one worse—REMARRIAGE.

"God chastens whom He loveth well,
Your husband does the same.
If he's unfaithful—who can tell?
Perhaps you are to blame.



"AT LEAST UNLESS THE LORD AT LAST
SHOULD SUMMON BILL ABOVE"

"Go home and pray; and if Bill smites,
Just turn the other cheek.
Preserve the best of Woman's Rights—
The right of being weak.

"And then if Bill does not repent
After a year's probation,
Perhaps we'll graciously consent
To legal separation.

"But, howsoever you're estranged,
Think twice before you travel;
Our wedding goods are not exchanged,
However they unravel.



"HOWEVER SPOUSES GROW UNENAMORED
THE SACRAMENT REMAINS"

"At least, unless the Lord at last
Should summon Bill above;
Then, if you also have not passed,
You're allowed another love—

"In fact, as fast as husbands die,
As long as you've endurance;
But while one lives, it won't apply;
It's something like insurance.

"Body-and-soul, you are Bill Baker's
On this side of the tomb.
It's not my job, but an undertaker's,
To mitigate your doom."

These words the woman did astound.
She gasped, "Is this religion?
To trap the rabbit for the hound,
To snare and cage the pigeon!

"I ask for food, you offer a stone.
If I leave his hateful bed,
You send me out in the dark alone,
Childless, unloved, unfed,

"In barren travail's discontent,
Not widow, maid nor wife.
Such liberty were banishment:
The Wandering Jew's free life.

"What crime have I done, thus bereft?
Does Heaven so abhor it,
That first I must endure the theft,
And then do penance for it?

"Forbid the divorcee remarry?
Why not take just one more step,
And force the wretch to hari-kari
Upon her husband's doorstep?

"Why did you rescue our poor mare
Before poor Bill was dead?
Must I go homeless, just because
I'm not a quadruped?"

The parson stammered, "Can truth be hammered
Into a woman's brains?—
However spouses grow unenamored,
The sacrament remains!

"As for the horse—well, it's a horse,
A woman's but a woman;
The devil's self-devised divorce,
Remarriage is inhuman.

"Good-day, madame!"—accenting "dame"
The visit to determine—
He gave the door a dulcet slam,
And went back to his sermon.

John Lomax.



"CHILDLESS, UNLOVED, UNFED"

Queerorities

THERE are very curious peculiarities in our civilization. A crazy woman in a New York State asylum for the criminal insane stabbed to death with a scissors a young woman, her nurse. It was her sixth murder. Of course, the poor, demented creature ought to get a hypodermic of morphine that would relieve her of the burden of her dangerous and deplorable existence, but our civilization could not countenance that. She must be kept along alive at whatever cost or hazard till she wears out.

The papers say that Thomas Dixon's race-riot drama, "The Clansman," is booked soon to appear at Atlanta. Probably Thomas won't be allowed to show there, but isn't it queer that he should be allowed to go around loose with his perdition play in a country where there are restrictions on the use and transportation of dynamite! We let Thomas go loose and abuse his liberties because we respect freedom, just as we keep the poor crazy woman alive because we hold sacred the vital spark even when it ought to be quenched. And to think that Thomas Platt is still Senator from New York! That is mortal

queer, too, and passing strange it is that William Hearst should be the candidate of what was once the Democratic party for Governor of New York.

A pretty rum contrivance our civilization is, but, after all, it is, in a way, a merit of it that it lets the unexpected happen. Maybe a perfectly rational and orderly civilization would be tiresome. Ours isn't. Its very imperfections make it stimulating.

A Bad Night

UNCLE REUBEN was taking his first ocean voyage down to Florida.

"Did you sleep well, uncle?" they asked him after the first night out.

"Not perticler," he replied. "Them bustles ye hev t' tie under yer arms kinda keep a feller frum restin'."

WHOM the gods would destroy they sometimes, in periods of unexampled prosperity, find it more convenient to make rich.

Atlanta and Its Warnings

THE Richmond *Times-Dispatch* says that "the negroes of the entire South have a terrible warning from Atlanta, and if they value their lives they will give it heed." The Baltimore *News* takes a different view, holding that "Georgia's only method of minimizing her disgrace is the prompt punishment of the men responsible." The Grand Jury of Fulton County, Georgia, in which Atlanta is, finds the Atlanta *News* chiefly responsible, both because of its editorial utterances and of its sensational presentation of the criminal news. We hope the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* has before this transferred some of its warnings from the negroes of the South, who were not at Atlanta on the night of the riot, to the Atlanta *News*, that was there and has been presented by the Grand Jury as "deserving of the severest condemnation."

To hold all the negroes of the South responsible for crimes which only a small proportion of them ever attempt is not only unjust but very mischievous in that it may tend to make half-way decent negroes feel that if they are to be credited with crimes anyway, they might as well attempt the crimes. To kill the innocent is no way to make guilt unpopular. On the contrary, it gives the innocent and the



THERE WAS AN OLD TEACHER NAMED THWACK,
WHO SAT ON HIS CHAIR WITH A WHACK;
AND REMARKED ON ARISING,
"YOU MAY THINK IT SURPRISING,
BUT I DON'T LIKE THIS KIND OF ATTACK."



SEEING HEAVEN

Megaphone Angel: THAT CONTENTED GENTLEMAN UP THERE IS THE FELLOW WHOSE WIFE ALWAYS INTERRUPTED HIM WHEN TELLING A STORY.

guilty a common cause and blurs the distinction between them.

The Atlanta riots were of no value at all as a warning to bad negroes, but by stirring up race hatred increased the danger to white women. The only profit that can be got out of them is to make them an effectual warning to newspapers and fire-eaters not to stir up race strife and to mobs not to murder. Happily the disposition is strong in Atlanta to make them profitable in that way. We read with satisfaction of the arrest of mob leaders and promise of acute discomfort for them, and of the adjustment of the best brains in Atlanta to the prevention of such outbreaks in future.

Atlanta is the most modern city in the South, and the one least like a Southern city. They tell us that its negro-hunting mob was not a typical Southern mob, but more like the negro-baiting mobs of Ohio and Illinois, and that industrial rivalries and jealousies had much to do with its temper.

Not So Bad

"Ladies' sizes of cigarettes are being advertised."—
Trade Note.

ONCE more we have borrowed trouble. After all, there is going to be no such utter confusion of sex distinctions as we gloomily imagined imminent. A lady may still be known by the size of her cigarette, at least, and as likely as not there will be exclusively feminine tints in high-balls, too.

Too much reform has made us censorious and inclined to magnify our afflictions. Conceivably, delicacy will come in style again, like blond hair and commercial integrity; but, whether or no, we have a good deal to be thankful for.

True Gratitude

FIRST CAGED CANARY: Have you ever thought what a great thing it is to have wings?

SECOND CAGED CANARY: Indeed, yes. I thank God for mine every day. Why, without wings how could we balance ourselves on our perches?



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WHAT SORT OF MESSAGE IS HE RECEIVING?
WHY THIS DELIGHT SO SUDDENLY FOLLOWED BY UNWELCOME NEWS?
FOR THE BEST SOLUTIONS OF THE MYSTERY, TOLD IN NOT MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED WORDS AND RECEIVED BEFORE JANUARY, 1907, "LIFE" WILL GIVE FOUR PRIZES OF FIFTY DOLLARS EACH, INSTEAD OF TEN PRIZES OF TEN DOLLARS EACH, AS STATED IN A RECENT ISSUE. FURTHERMORE, ALL OTHER SOLUTIONS ACCEPTED WILL BE PAID FOR AT THE RATE OF TEN DOLLARS EACH.

What Was It?

HE OFFERED it; she spurned it;
He took it, then returned it;
She had it, though she lost it,
And as he left she tossed it.

To Meet Their Needs

"SO YOU are not satisfied with your present minister?" asks the stranger.
"Is he lacking in spiritual strength?"
"No, but he is too old," explains one of the congregation.

"We want a young man," says another.

"We want a good mixer," asserts another.

"A man who is not too strict about things," suggests another.

"One who doesn't frown on smoking, for instance," adds another.

"Or an occasional highball," specifies another.

"Or a game of bridge, or hearts, or poker," itemizes another.

"Or a Sunday ball game," mentions another.

"He must know the latest stories," declares another.

"And the latest slang," says another.

"He must not oppose theatres and dancing," from another.

"And he mustn't claim that flirting is always wrong," is the voice of another.

"He must dress attractively," observes another.

"I see, gentlemen," the visitor speaks, interrupting a torrent of further specifications. "I see. You cannot help being dissatisfied with the old man who now holds your pulpit. He is a preacher.

You don't want a preacher. You want a man who is a mixer and a talker and a story-teller and a card-player and a smoker and a sport and a dancer and a good dresser—or one who fills some of these requirements and doesn't object if you fill the others. I know the man you want, but you can't get him."

"Who is he?" asks the leading deacon.

"He's a commercial traveler, and because he is all that you say your preacher should be he gets as much salary in a week as you pay your minister in three months."

By Comparison

DIMPLETON: I thought Mrs. Peterby was unusually interesting to-day.

MRS. DIMPLETON: Why, she talked of nothing but her children and her servants.

"I know that. But usually she talks of herself."

Annoying

MRS. CHICAGO: My domestic affairs have been very upset.

MRS. ILLINOIS: Been changing help?

"No; husbands."

AN ENGLISH father is worried about one of his sons. To an American friend he writes: "Charles is too stupid for the army and too bright for the Church."

"It is by a long shot the best of all the August magazines."—Senator Beveridge.

ASSUMING that the Senator ate a little in August and slept a little, and attended to business a little, how does he know?



Too Good to Live Long

"MY POOR child," mourned a New England mother. "She was too good to live long. I always felt I'd never be able to raise her."

"How old was your daughter when she died?" inquired a sympathizing village visitor.

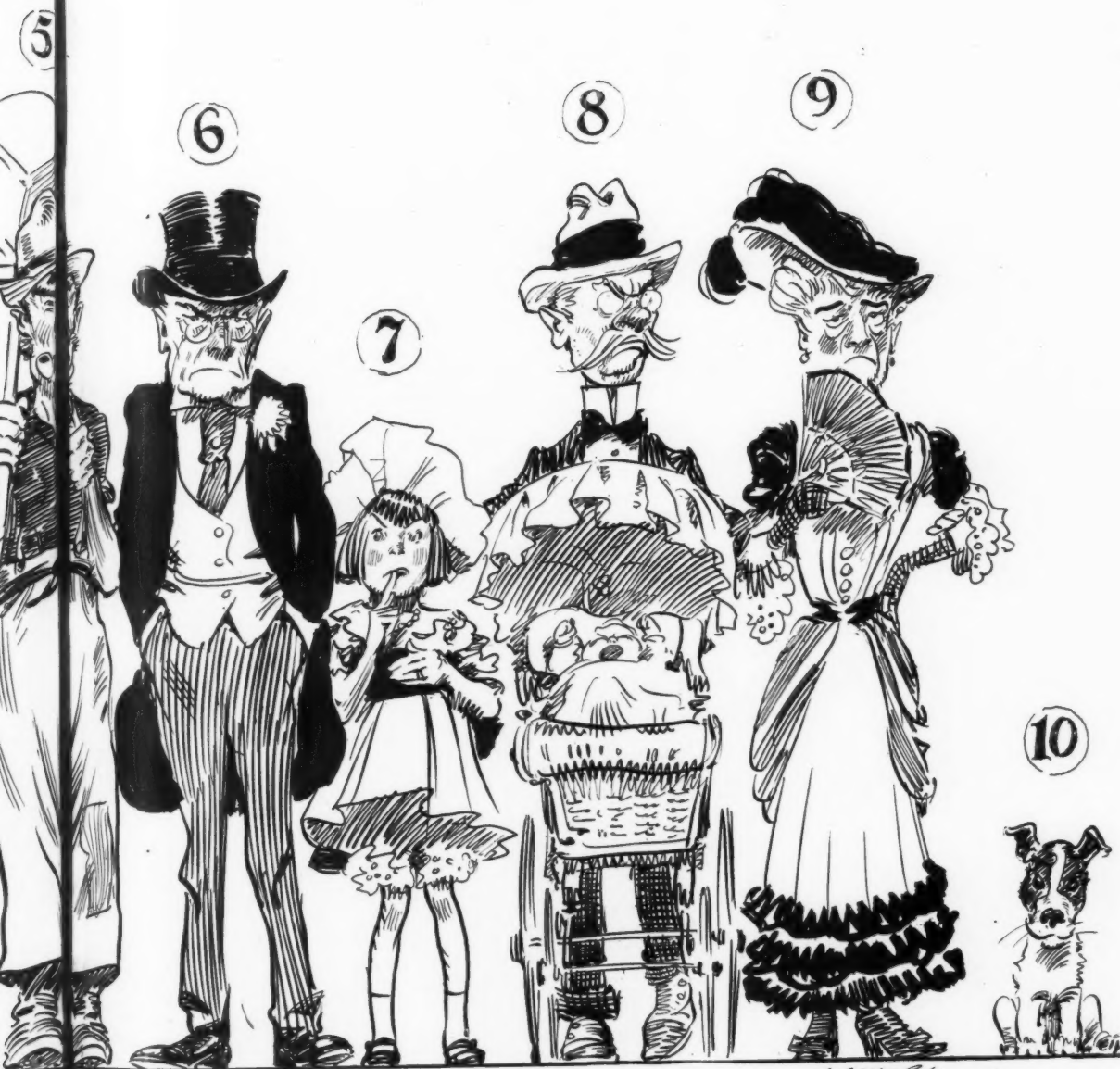
"Barely forty."



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THE WAY WITH MOST OF

1	}	"I WISH I W"	"THIN!"
2		"A BOY!"	
3		"A BACHE"	
4		"MARRIED"	
5		"A ST. BE"	
6			
7			
8			
9			
10			



M. F. F.

WAY WITH MOST OF US

THIN!"
 PLUMP!"
 THUNG!"
 GROWN UP!"
 HUH!"
 STRONG!"
 A BOY!"
 A BACHELOR!"
 MARRIED!"
 A ST. BERNARD!"



Again the Bard. A Boer Drama



IT IS very doubtful that a presentation such as "Cymbeline" as given by Miss Viola Allen and her company will do much to popularize Shakespeare. Primarily, "Cymbeline" is among the least Shakespearian of Shakespeare's plays. At its best it would have all of the author's obscurities at their worst, and these are made doubly obscure in their present rendering. Miss Allen in all the cast almost alone reads her lines so that they may be understood. Even she mars

them with her fondness for listening to the at times over-sweet, and at other times over-raucous, tones of her own voice. She reads intelligently and with a blessed distinctness, but her very efforts to vary monotony of tone succeed each other with such regularity that the variation itself becomes monotonous. The secret seems to be that her delivery is too studied, that it lacks the spontaneity which stirs the blood.

A surprising thing in this cast is that an actor so competent in almost all roles as is Mr. J. H. Gilmour makes his Shakespeare practically a foreign language. Thoroughly at ease, of splendid physique and excellent carriage, he brings to his delivery of the lines of *Iachimo* so little clearness of diction that in many places the meaning is lost for lines at a time. The *Pisanio* of Mr. Fuller Mellish was an exception to the rule of confused speech, and was played simply and clearly. Mr. Winter's *Posthumus* turned what was perhaps intended for the uncouth vigor of the Briton into the veriest ranting. Mr. Sidney Herbert's *Cloten* was a weird conception of fantastic foolery. Miss Alison Skipworth's *Queen* was in speech a very go-as-you-please lady. The *Belarius* of Mr. Leslie Allen was good, plain acting, as was the *Philario* of Mr. Myron Calice.

Such performances of Shakespeare are what gives ammunition to those who hold that Shakespeare is no longer for the stage, but for the library and the study. Too many managers and stars seem to believe that all that is needed to test the question is a star for a leading part, handsome scenery, costumes and accessories, and the fact that the play is Shakespeare's will do all the rest. No dramatic material at our disposal needs for fair representation better talent in the minor roles and more careful coaching in every part. To-day many lines of Shakespeare are unintelligible to our audiences if spoken at their best; entrusted to tyros, as is usually done, entire scenes become Greek to the multitude. This more than anything else is accountable for the belief seriously held in many quarters that the day of Shakespeare as an acted author has reached, or is nearing, its end. The fault is not Shakespeare's, but that of our impatient or uneducated audiences and of the entrusting Shakespearian roles to incompetent or untrained actors.

The present "Cymbeline" has been given a very handsome setting, but if something the same painstaking had been bestowed

upon the teaching of the company the result would have been of more value to the far from extinct race of Shakespeare lovers.

ALTHOUGH "The Shulamite" has for its leading part a Canadian woman, Lena Ashwell, and the play itself is largely the work of an American author, Mr. Edward Knoblauch, it comes to New York with the mark of London success. It is a strong but not a happy play. It has for its subject the misery that may be inflicted on every one concerned by insisting that life shall be led in its every detail on the severest interpretation of the Bible. It is traditional that the devil can interpret the Scripture to serve his purposes, but the moral of this piece is to show that the strict interpretation of the Scripture can make devils of those who study it too closely and interpret it too literally. As an authority for making everybody unhappy and uncomfortable, the Bible has no superior when its lessons are construed by the right persons, our own Puritans for example.

The scene is laid on a South African Boer farm, and the characters are only six, each of them an excellent character study. *Simeon Krillet* is a Boer such as the British loved to draw during the South African War, and as depicted by Mr. Edward R. Mawson he seems to be true. Narrow, bigoted, austere, ignorant, cruel and grasping, justifying everything by a text, he could picture his young and sensitive second wife as nothing but a body servant and the possible aid in perpetuating his name. The character as portrayed by Mr. Mawson will stand out in the memory of every one who sees it as a strong and rugged impersonation. In contrast is the young Englishman of our own time exiled by circumstances to these inhospit-



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY?"

"MANDY SAYS SHE'S DECIDED TER MARRY ME."



MISS VIOLA ALLEN IN "CYMBELINE"

able surroundings. To what might be a commonplace character, Mr. John Blair gives distinction and an unusual aspect of sincerity. From what seems a remote past comes the well-remembered name of Maude Granger in the stage creation of *Tante Anna*, *Simeon's* sister, with all his greed and more cunning. Miss Granger handled this disagreeable part with remarkable skill and in one trying scene with a forcefulness and decision not often surpassed. Two smaller parts essential to the development of the story are *Jan*,

a young Boer, the nephew of *Simeon*, and *Memke*, a Kaffir servant, both admirably done by Mr. George Le Guere and Miss Beryl Mercer.

To Miss Lena Ashwell is assigned the difficult task of making *Deborah*, *Simeon's* young wife, both credible and entitled to sympathy in a position where judged by ordinary standards she is nothing but wrong. This was easier in London, where her appeal was to a Boer-hating public. But even here she carries conviction, and we joy with her in the slight joy that is permitted to come into her life even though it is based on infidelity and deceit. On this one performance it is difficult to judge Miss Ashwell's ability. Her voice is pitched in a high and not particularly agreeable key, and many of her speeches are delivered with a rapidity and British inflection which obscure their meaning. The more it is heard, the less the pitch of her voice offends, and her intensity of feeling, fully and clearly expressed, yet kept within bounds, is an admirable and well-sustained artistic effort.

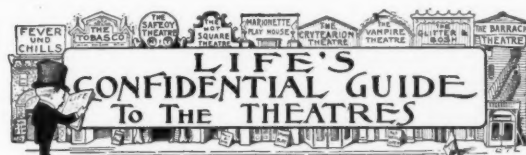
The play is absorbing in interest throughout, and the first two acts are masterful in their truth and intensity. The third act becomes more theatric and leaves one with the impression that it might have logically and naturally ended with an earlier discovery of the death of the young Englishman's wife, leaving him free to marry *Deborah*.

"The Shulamite" is absorbing and novel, and adds another to the plays worth while in what is proving to be an unusually interesting dramatic season.

* * *

MR. HENRY MILLER comes to the surface with the discovery "that criticism in New York has not degenerated into mere flippancy and a desire to say the bright thing regardless of truth, as has often been charged." The charge Mr. Miller mentions had some basis of truth before he and the independent managers who have made his opportunity had rescued the American stage from the Trust. For a long time the quality of the theatre encouraged nothing but flippancy and fun-poking on the part of the critics. *Autre temps, autres moeurs*, Mr. Miller.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Mr. Robert Mantell in repertoire of Shakespearian plays. Notice later.

Asor—Viola Allen in "Cymbeline." See opposite.

Belasco—Concluding weeks of "The Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Belasco's admirably staged and acted play of California's early days.

Bijou—May Irwin in "Mrs. Wilson—That's All." Notice later.

Casino—Mr. James T. Powers in "The Blue Moon." Notice later.

Empire—Fairly well selected company headed by Mr. John Drew in Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order." Interesting drama of British home life.

Lyric—Lena Ashwell in "The Shulamite." See above.

Madison Square—Carlotta Nilsson in "The Three of Us." About the best play in town. Unusually well staged and well acted.

Majestic—"The Tourists." Musical piece of the usual type. Elaborately mounted and diverting.

Manhattan—Grace George in "Clothes," by Hagood and Pollock. Light, satirical comedy of society life to-day.

Princess—"The Great Divide." Very well acted and interesting drama.

Garrick—Mr. William Gillette in "Clarice." Well acted but not especially strong play of contemporary American life.

Garden—"Sam Houston." Unsuccessful impersonation of American historical character.

Hackett—Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady." A bit of Tenderloin life well reproduced.

Herald Square—"About Town." Musical piece with good cast. Amusing.

Hippodrome—Circus spectacle and ballet. On a large scale and with all the modern improvements.

Lincoln Square—"The Love Route." with Mr. Guy Standing as the star. Notice later.

The LATEST BOOKS

THE DREAM AND THE BUSINESS, the last work completed by Mrs. Craigie before her death, shows her fully and fairly at the high-water mark of her attainment in her later manner. Both her ardent admirers and those who can see no more in her work than brilliant parts and a sincere ambition will be glad that this book, and not *The Flute of Pan*, is the culminating fact in the literary incident of John Oliver Hobbes. The story is a finished study of a cross-section of English life. Its technical excellence arouses our admiration. Its logical truth commands our acquiescence. But its lack of unifying artistic purpose leaves us unmoved and uninspired.

A King's Divinity is the romance of an American heiress and a Royal Duke of the Balkan monarchy of Rouveria. Surely a theme which, since its introduction by Mr. Hope and its appropriation by Mr. McCutcheon, has been tortured by many familiars of the Holy Office of the Imitation. But the wit, and the appreciation of Bohemianism, which enabled Dolores Bacon to write *The Diary of a Musician* have evolved a sparkling phosphorescence from this old wood. The story is a fresh, a happy and a piquant treatment of an outworn subject.

Mr. Randall Parrish's melodramatic romance of Custer's last campaign on the Little Bighorn, *Bob Hampton of Placer*, is for those whose literary palates respond to a combination of noble diction and dime-novelty. The book abounds in vivid descriptions and exciting incident. Moreover, its plot would delight the gods of the gallery, and the most critical of milliner's assistants could not but pronounce its language "elegant."

Bliss Perry's short critical biography of *Walt Whitman* deserves to find many readers among those interested in American literature and American men of letters. To begin with, the time would seem to be ripe for a preliminary estimate of Whitman's work and for an unbiased and an unpolemical study of the man, and the latter especially Mr. Perry has admirably achieved. His nearness to the sources of information, his aloofness from the refracting atmosphere that surrounded the person of the poet and his own gifts have combined to make the portrait a notable one.

If the eight stories in Jack London's *Moon Face* had the name of another author on the fly-leaf one could speak of them more enthusiastically. The truth is that as common, or garden, stories they are of an excellent early ripening variety. But

they are poor "London" stories. From a magazine standpoint they are Art. From a London standpoint they are pot-boilers. Their appreciation depends on your expectations.

Wilbur Nesbit's story of *The Gentleman Ragman* is the latest of the many stories recently written from the viewpoint of the small boy. It gives the experiences of a genial newcomer from Virginia in a small Northern town, is written ostensibly by a boy in the local newspaper office and makes an amusing and pleasantly idealized bit of romance.

Readers who enjoy an occasional swim on the current of facile and amusing verse may take a dip into Harry Graham's little book of *Misrepresentative Women* with the certainty of a gentle stimulus and no danger of undue mental exertion. Mr. Graham has nothing to say, but he says it with such consummate ease that he is agreeably misleading. *J. B. Kerfoot.*

The Dream and the Business, by John Oliver Hobbes. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

A King's Divinity, by Dolores Bacon. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

Bob Hampton of Placer, by Randall Parrish. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago. \$1.50.)

Walt Whitman, by Bliss Perry. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

Moon Face, by Jack London. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Gentleman Ragman, by Wilbur Nesbit. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Misrepresentative Women, by Harry Graham. (Duffield and Company. \$1.00.)

Gloria in Excelsis

THE Hague, that very home of Peace, is lit up these days over the news that Dutch troops, in the island of Bali, have lately exterminated the entire following of a native prince, numbering 400 souls, with the loss of but a single man.

Of course, we do not depreciate this illustrious feat of arms when we call to mind that our General Wood swept off 600 Moros without any losses whatever.

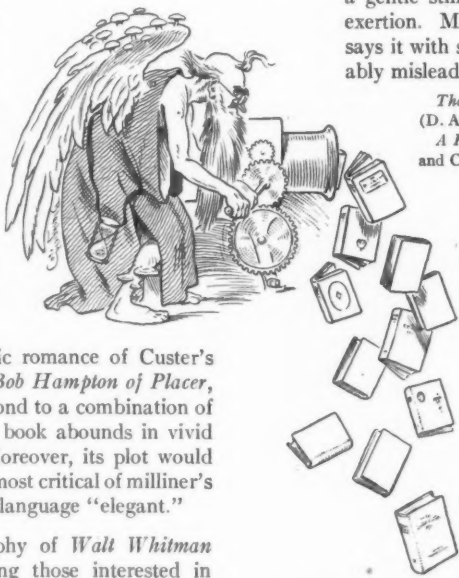
In these higher reaches of civilization, invidious rivalries do not obtain. If we have indeed beat the Dutch, we don't boast of it, but let it pass.

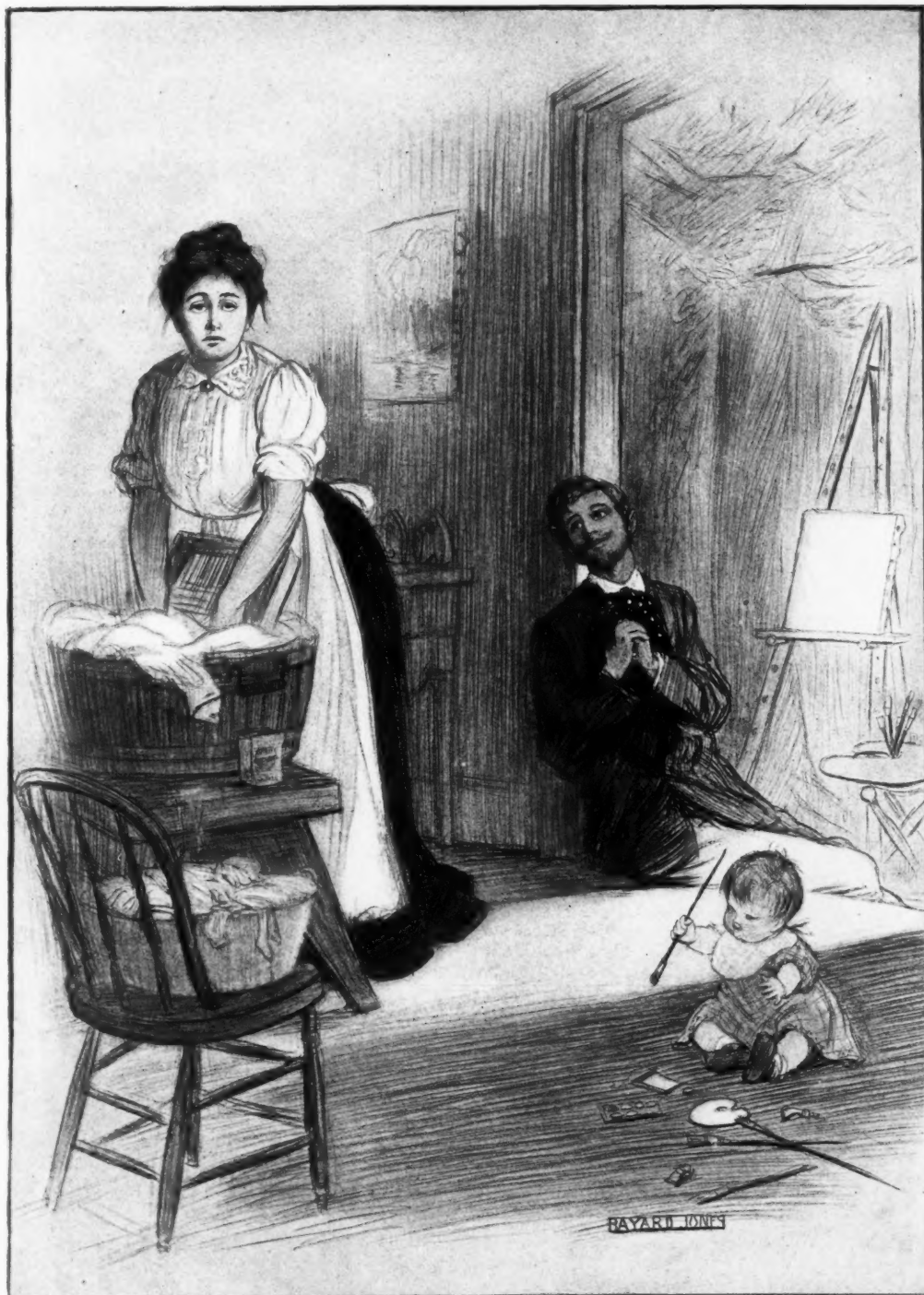
There's glory enough for all.

The Source

MRS. SLIMSON: Willie, I don't see where you learned to swear so dreadfully.

WILLIE: You would, mother, if you had been out in the auto with paw as much as I have.





TO EXCHANGE

AN ARTISTIC, IMPRACTICAL, ARDENT HUSBAND FOR ONE WITH AN INCOME, HOWEVER SMALL



GENTLE JANE

Gentle Jane whizzed through the town,
Running many people down;
Still she gave her car but praise,
Said: "It has such killing ways."

—Carolyn Wells.

Last week, Tuesday, Gentle Jane
Met a passing railroad train;
"Good afternoon," she sweetly said,
But the blamed train cut her dead.

—Yale Record.

Scorching down the golden streets,
Jane strikes every soul she meets;
When she "honks" the spirits jump,
Thinking it is Gabriel's trump.

—Cleveland Leader.

Man, your wits are all at sea,
Heaven is not for such as she;
Jane went down below and got
Hers for scorching, good and hot.

—G. H. W., in Boston Transcript.

DAFT, BUT CANNY

Frederick Ireland, a stenographer of the House of Representatives, at the convention at Atlantic City of the National Association of Stenographers, said, apropos of a rash course:

"I can't approve of this action, because I am a foe to rashness. In handling the affairs of a great body of men I believe in prudence and carefulness. I am almost as prudent and careful as the weak-minded Scot of Peebles.

"This Scot, a silly look on his face, was skating near the famous iron bridge of Peebles on a winter day.

"Some young ladies wished to skate under the bridge, but they did not know whether the ice was safe or not. So, approaching the Scot, the youngest and prettiest of them said:

"Sanders, would you mind just gliding under the bridge and back, so as to test the ice?"

"The half-witted Sanders took off his cap and with a bow and a smile he replied:

"Na, na! If I am daft I ken manners. Leddies first!"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

WHEN Mr. "Fingy" Connors, the leader of the Erie County "Democracy," heard from one of his lieutenants that certain delegates had fled his ranks, he remarked:

"Well, we're here, ain't we?
The rest of 'em,
T'll wid 'em!"

Which phrase is apt to take its place as a classic among the shortest of poems in the English language, says the *New York World*.

AN INDULGENT DEPOSITOR

Pat Shaughnessy, hearing that the bank in which he kept his savings had failed, rushed around with his bank book and demanded all his money. The paying teller straightway began to count it out.

"Oh, ye've got it, have ye?" said Shaughnessy, with a sigh of relief. "Kape it, then. Oi don't want it as long as ye have it."—*Everybody's Magazine.*



POLITICAL

"GOING ON THE STUMP"

O YE TEARS!

The president of one of the well-known colleges tells this story of one of his professors of chemistry.

It seems that the professor and his wife had not agreed upon some domestic question, the professor asserting that his means would warrant the expense involved. His wife had used all her powers of persuasion without avail, and at last resorted to the final feminine expedient—a flood of tears. At this the professor picked up his hat, but paused to remark:

"You might save yourself the trouble of that, my dear; your tears have absolutely no effect upon me. Why should they, being nothing but common water with a very small percentage of phosphorous salts and a trace of chloride of sodium?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY

"So you break our engagement, Gwendolen!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "Then in your presence let me end the life which you have blighted."

Drawing forth a vial marked "poison," he put it to his lips, and drained it to the last drop. As he sank back unconscious, did the beautiful girl fling herself upon his breast in an agony of remorse and burst forth into frenzied sobs? Scarcely!

Hastily quitting the room, she returned presently, her lovely face tragic, yet composed. Kneeling beside the young man she forced between his lips the following: (1) One cup of turpentine; (2) one pint of milk; (3) a bowl of warm soapsuds; (4) a small bottle of aromatic ammonia; (5) a cup of black coffee; (6) a glass of mustard water; (7) a gill of vinegar; (8) juice of a lemon; (9) the beaten whites of six eggs; (10) one cup of flour and water.

"Algernon," she observed, coldly, as he began to revive, "it is evident you did not know that I am a graduate of a correspondence course in first aid to the injured. My one regret is that, since it was impossible for me to ascertain whether the poison you took was an acid or an alkali, I was compelled to administer all the antidotes of which we had learned."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

WHAT A DUCHESS COST FRANCE

The energy of the now Dowager Duchess Fitz-James cost France as much as the last war, and had the indirect effect of making a sober nation one of dram drinkers. The Duchess, in her passion for self-aggrandizement, imported vines from America to plant on her estate in Nugard. They brought phylloxera there. It spread all over France, and ruined for years the vintage departments. Her American vines could resist this disease; French vines could not. The loss to the Gironde alone came to 500,000,000 francs. M. Fallières's whole family and connections were nearly ruined by phylloxera. She could not have foreseen the disaster her restless energy brought about. But the story of what came of it ought to be a warning. There is nothing the French dread, and justly, more than *un homme remuant*, except *une femme remuante*.—*London Truth.*

A FUTURE STYLIST

This editorial from the weekly paper of Missouri University shows what higher education does for lucid writers: "Sometimes during the year there arise certain occasions whose circumstances are peculiar in that all of them force the onlooker to the same conclusion. That is, a person is not enabled to consider the various phases of such questions, and then announce it as his belief that the matter has two sides, and that as such is the case he intends keeping the affair off his mind as much as possible. On the contrary, this type of situation can allow of but one opinion, for the reason that every motive exists for adopting one course as right, and decrying the other as wrong."—*Kansas City Star.*

"Do you think the time will come when there will be no money in politics?" said one boss.

"I don't know," answered the other. "It won't be our fault if it doesn't. We have done the best we could to take out all there was in it."—*Washington Star.*

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Wilson -

For guarantee of purity, see back label on every bottle;

That's All!

WHEN

HUNTER WHISKEY

COMES TO JUDGMENT
THERE'S A VERDICT IN
ITS FAVOR EVERY TIME

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



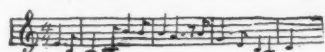
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or Boston

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Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

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An Old Love Song

The size of the charming picture (of which this is a reproduction in miniature) is 10½x15 inches. The large print is a sepia photogravure, plate marked. It is hand-printed on Exora steel-plate paper, 19x24, ready for framing.

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Pray, Roosevelt, excuse us
If you but amuse us
By ukases stern from your dwelling.
We'll never change, Teddy,
Until we are ready,
Our favorite methods of spelling.
So kindly stop squinting
At Government printing,
And leave it, pray, just as you met it,
For all you will ever
Hear in your endeavor
To pilot our pens is—"Forget it!"
—Thomas R. Ybarra, in the *New York Times*.

REPAREE IN THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY

"I must insist upon order," said Mayor Fitzgerald at Faneuil Hall, when the crowd was becoming a little too boisterous.
"You can order anything you like," was the ready response from the floor.—*Boston Record*.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A MAN in Washington was trying to secure a plaster cast of the President's face. "How long would it take to make the cast?" Mrs. Roosevelt asked. "Twenty minutes," was the reply.
"That settles it," answered Mrs. Roosevelt. "No human power could induce my husband to remain still for twenty minutes."—*Argonaut*.

HIS MONEY'S WORTH

LAUNDRYMAN: I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost.

CUSTOMER: But here I have just paid you twelve cents for doing it up.

"Quite right, sir; we laundered it before we lost it."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Ignorance of the law," said the judge, "excuses no one."
"That being the case," rejoined the prisoner, "it's a wonder the jury didn't find my lawyer guilty."—*Chicago Daily News*.

Infant and Adult

For the upbuilding of the infant and sustaining the adult, milk is essential; and to be wholesome must be pure. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated-Cream have no equals for purity, flavor and richness.

THATCHED ROOFS IN ENGLAND

"The thatched roof, which makes the English cottage picturesque, is doomed," said an architect. "For some years it has been going gradually. Soon it will be altogether a thing of the past. Fire insurance is the cause of the thatched roof's disappearance. No company will insure a cottage or its contents if the roof is thatched. They who want insurance must substitute for the roof of thatch a tiled one. As long as the English cottager remains very poor so that his house and furniture are not worth insuring he keeps a thatched roof over his head. As soon as he begins to prosper and lays in household goods of value he takes out a fire policy and away then goes his thatched roof."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE COURTEOUS CORPORAL

A native postman on the Gold Coast of West Africa went in bathing, says the *Country Gentleman*, and then wrote the following letter to his postmaster:

DEAR MASTER: I have the pleasure to regret to inform you that when I go bath this morning a billow he remove my trouser. Dear Master, how can I go on duty with only one trouser? If he get loss where am I? Kind write Accra that they send me one more trouser so I catch him and go duty.

Good day, Sir, my Lord, how are you?

Your loving corporal,

Hotel Vendome, Boston

J. ADDIE.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric lights. New and most approved plumbing.

THE old lady entered the taxidermist's shop in a blaze of wrath, carrying a defunct cockatoo in a glass case.

"You can see for yourself, sir. You only stuffed my poor parrot in the summer, and here's his feathers tumbling out before your eyes."

"Lor' bless ye'm, that's the triumph of the art! We stuff 'em that natural that they moult in their proper season."—*Til-Bits*.



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**RECORD
RYE WHISKEY**

Try *Gibson's*



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EUX-E-SIS

is an English preparation, for a quarter of a century used by men of refinement and nice habit. It is a delicate, demulcent cream which quickly softens the hardest beard so that you can shave in half the time with twice the comfort. It leaves the skin smooth, soft and entirely free from irritation. It is a treasure to travelers. No brush, no soap; just Eux-e-sis and a razor make a complete shaving set. Ideal for use with a safety razor. None genuine without the signature of Aimee Lloyd in red ink on tube.

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Extra large, 75c.

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ALE IT BEATS THE BRITISH

It seems reasonable that the Ale that beats the British should be brewed in

BUNKER HILL BREWERIES

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Pints \$1.50 dozen. All dealers.
Bunker Hill Breweries, Charlestown, Mass.



Famous

Punch Recipe

By a well known chef. Cut out and preserve

Four loaves sugar; sliced orange and pineapple and a few cherries.

One large cube of ice; pony of cognac; pony of curacao; pony of apricotine; one split carbonated water, one quart

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Imperial
EXTRA DRY
Champagne



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DRINK
SANDERSON'S
"Mountain Dew"

in moderation and you will find that the life and force contained in it will be imparted to you. Don't take our word. Try for yourself.

He Went to the Right Place

AN AMERICAN whose business frequently takes him to London tells of an amusing conversation between the driver and conductor of a public 'bus in that city.

The 'bus was fairly crowded, so the American climbed to the top, where, shortly after taking his seat, he observed a person in peculiar garb, with a red turban. There was a leaden sky overhead and a slow, drizzling rain, such weather as is the rule rather than the exception in the British metropolis.

As the conductor came to the top the red-turbaned person, evidently an Indian Parsee, got down.

"Wot sort of a chap is that?" asked the driver of the conductor.

"I fancies that 'e 's one of them fellers that worships the sun."

"Worships the sun, eh!" repeated the driver, with a shiver. "Then I suppose he comes over 'ere to 'ave a rest."—*Success*.

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AN EMINENT lawyer with a large practice before the Supreme Court of the United States enjoys telling of a tremendous jolt to his youthful vanity in the early days when he made a specialty of criminal cases.

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"You have a bad record, you know," said the lawyer, "and you have practically confessed your guilt. I should say that you will be sentenced to about three years."

This last completely dumfounded the accused. He looked about his cell vacantly for several minutes before turning to his attorney. When he did it was to say:

"Will you kindly step out and get me a good lawyer?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

Add Years to Your Life

THE veteran always got up at 6 o'clock in the morning.

"I used to get up at 8," he said. "By getting up at 6 I have added ten years to my life."

"Consider," he went on persuasively. "The difference between rising every morning at 6 and 8 in the course of forty years amounts to 20,200 hours, or three years and nearly a half. This is equal to eight hours a day for ten years. Thus, you see, by rising at 6 instead of 8 you add ten solid years to your life."

"Wonderful," said the veteran's listener. "I shall assuredly adopt your plan. Only, instead of getting up two hours earlier in the morning I'll go to bed two hours later every night."—*New York Press*.

The Editor's Apology

AS USUAL, our printer left us in the "soupe" last and this week, and we have not as yet been able to secure the services of another; and, therefore, we ask the indulgence of our readers for the scarcity of reading matter this week. We have been conducting a sale by auction and had but a few spare hours left in which to get out this sheet. We hope, however, to do better next week.—*Washington (N. C.) County Times*.

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and how it may
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GENTLE JANE

Gentle Jane whizzed through the town,
Running many people down;
Still she gave her car but praise,
Said: "It has such killing ways."

—Carolyn Wells.

Last week, Tuesday, Gentle Jane
Met a passing railroad train;
"Good afternoon," she sweetly said,
But the blamed train cut her dead.

—Vale Record.

Scorching down the golden streets,
Jane strikes every soul she meets;
When she "honks" the spirits jump,
Thinking it is Gabriel's trump.

—Cleveland Leader.

Man, your wits are all at sea,
Heaven is not for such as she;
Jane went down below and got
Hers for scorching, good and hot.

—G. H. W., in Boston Transcript.

DAFT, BUT CANNY

Frederick Ireland, a stenographer of the House of Representatives, at the convention at Atlantic City of the National Association of Stenographers, said, apropos of a rash course:

"I can't approve of this action, because I am a foe to rashness. In handling the affairs of a great body of men I believe in prudence and carefulness. I am almost as prudent and careful as the weak-minded Scot of Peebles."

"This Scot, a silly look on his face, was skating near the famous iron bridge of Peebles on a winter day."

"Some young ladies wished to skate under the bridge, but they did not know whether the ice was safe or not. So, approaching the Scot, the youngest and prettiest of them said:

"Sanders, would you mind just gliding under the bridge and back, so as to test the ice?"

"The half-witted Sanders took off his cap and with a bow and a smile he replied:

"Na, na! If I am daft I ken manners. Leddies first!"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

WHEN Mr. "Fingy" Connors, the leader of the Erie County "Democracy," heard from one of his lieutenants that certain delegates had fled his ranks, he remarked:

"Well, we're here, ain't we?"

The rest of 'em,
T'll wid 'em!"

Which phrase is apt to take its place as a classic among the shortest of poems in the English language, says the *New York World*.

AN INDULGENT DEPOSITOR

Pat Shaughnessy, hearing that the bank in which he kept his savings had failed, rushed around with his bank book and demanded all his money. The paying teller straightway began to count it out.

"Oh, ye've got it, have ye?" said Shaughnessy, with a sigh of relief. "Kape it, then. Oi don't want it as long as ye have it."—*Everybody's Magazine.*



POLITICAL

"GOING ON THE STUMP"

O YE TEARS!

The president of one of the well-known colleges tells this story of one of his professors of chemistry.

It seems that the professor and his wife had not agreed upon some domestic question, the professor asserting that his means would warrant the expense involved. His wife had used all her powers of persuasion without avail, and at last resorted to the final feminine expedient—a flood of tears. At this the professor picked up his hat, but paused to remark:

"You might save yourself the trouble of that, my dear; your tears have absolutely no effect upon me. Why should they, being nothing but common water with a very small percentage of phosphorous salts and a trace of chloride of sodium?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY

"So you break our engagement, Gwendolen!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "Then in your presence let me end the life which you have blighted."

Drawing forth a vial marked "poison," he put it to his lips and drained it to the last drop. As he sank back unconscious, did the beautiful girl fling herself upon his breast in an agony of remorse and burst forth into frenzied sobs? Scarcely!

Hastily quitting the room, she returned presently, her lovely face tragic, yet composed. Kneeling beside the young man she forced between his lips the following: (1) One cup of turpentine; (2) one pint of milk; (3) a bowl of warm soap-suds; (4) a small bottle of aromatic ammonia; (5) a cup of black coffee; (6) a glass of mustard water; (7) a gill of vinegar; (8) juice of a lemon; (9) the beaten whites of six eggs; (10) one cup of flour and water.

"Algernon," she observed, coldly, as he began to revive, "it is evident you did not know that I am a graduate of a correspondence course in first aid to the injured. My one regret is that, since it was impossible for me to ascertain whether the poison you took was an acid or an alkali, I was compelled to administer all the antidotes of which we had learned."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

WHAT A DUCHESS COST FRANCE

The energy of the now Dowager Duchess Fitz James cost France as much as the last war, and had the indirect effect of making a sober nation one of dram drinkers. The Duchess, in her passion for self-aggrandizement, imported vines from America to plant on her estate in Nugard. They brought phylloxera there. It spread all over France, and ruined for years the vintage departments. Her American vines could resist this disease; French vines could not. The loss to the Gironde alone came to 500,000,000 francs. M. Fallières' whole family and connections were nearly ruined by phylloxera. She could not have foreseen the disaster her restless energy brought about. But the story of what came of it ought to be a warning. There is nothing the French dread, and justly, more than an *homme remuant*, except *une femme remuante*.—*London Truth.*

A FUTURE STYLIST

This editorial from the weekly paper of Missouri University shows what higher education does for lucid writers: "Sometimes during the year there arise certain occasions whose circumstances are peculiar in that all of them force the onlooker to the same conclusion. That is, a person is not enabled to consider the various phases of such questions, and then announce it as his belief that the matter has two sides, and that as such is the case he intends keeping the affair off his mind as much as possible. On the contrary, this type of situation can allow of but one opinion, for the reason that every motive exists for adopting one course as right, and decrying the other as wrong."—*Kansas City Star.*

"Do you think the time will come when there will be no money in politics?" said one boss.

"I don't know," answered the other. "It won't be our fault if it doesn't. We have done the best we could to take out all there was in it."—*Washington Star.*

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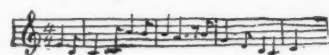
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An Old Love Song

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And leave it, pray, just as you met it,
For all you will ever
Hear in your endeavor
To pilot our pens is—"Forget it!"
—Thomas R. Ybarra, in the *New York Times*.

REPARTEE IN THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY

"I must insist upon order," said Mayor Fitzgerald at Faneuil Hall, when the crowd was becoming a little too boisterous.
"You can order anything you like," was the ready response from the floor.—*Boston Record*.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A MAN in Washington was trying to secure a plaster cast of the President's face. "How long would it take to make the cast?" Mrs. Roosevelt asked. "Twenty minutes," was the reply.

"That settles it," answered Mrs. Roosevelt. "No human power could induce my husband to remain still for twenty minutes."—*Argonaut*.

HIS MONEY'S WORTH

LAUNDRYMAN: I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost.

CUSTOMER: But here I have just paid you twelve cents for doing it up.

"Quite right, sir; we laundered it before we lost it."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"IGNORANCE of the law," said the judge, "excuses no one."
"That being the case," rejoined the prisoner, "it's a wonder the jury didn't find my lawyer guilty."—*Chicago Daily News*.

Infant and Adult

For the upbuilding of the infant and sustaining the adult, milk is essential; and to be wholesome must be pure. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated-Cream have no equals for purity, flavor and richness.

THATCHED ROOFS IN ENGLAND

"The thatched roof, which makes the English cottage picturesque, is doomed," said an architect. "For some years it has been going gradually. Soon it will be altogether a thing of the past. Fire insurance is the cause of the thatched roof's disappearance. No company will insure a cottage or its contents if the roof is thatched. They who want insurance must substitute for the roof of thatch a tiled one. As long as the English cottager remains very poor so that his house and furniture are not worth insuring he keeps a thatched roof over his head. As soon as he begins to prosper and lays in household goods of value he takes out a fire policy and away then goes his thatched roof."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THE COURTEOUS CORPORAL

A native postman on the Gold Coast of West Africa went in bathing, says the *Country Gentleman*, and then wrote the following letter to his postmaster:

DEAR MASTER: I have the pleasure to regret to inform you that when I go bath this morning a billow he remove my trouser. Dear Master, how can I go on duty with only one trouser? If he get loss where am I? Kind write Accra that they send me one more trouser so I catch him and go duty.

Good day, Sir, my Lord, how are you?

Your loving corporal,

J. ADDIE.

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Commonwealth Avenue. Electric lights. New and most approved plumbing.

The old lady entered the taxidermist's shop in a blaze of wrath, carrying a defunct cockatoo in a glass case.

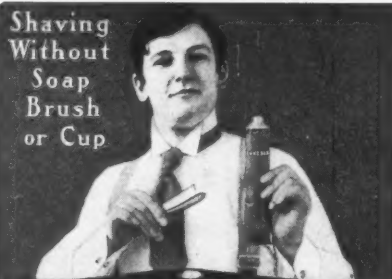
"You can see for yourself, sir. You only stuffed my poor parrot in the summer, and here's his feathers tumbling out before your eyes."

"Lor' bless ye'm, that's the triumph of the art! We stuff 'em that natural that they moult in their proper season."—*Tit-Bits*.



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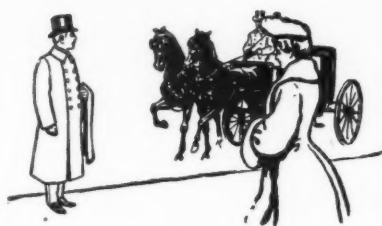
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He Went to the Right Place

AN AMERICAN whose business frequently takes him to London tells of an amusing conversation between the driver and conductor of a public 'bus in that city.

The 'bus was fairly crowded, so the American climbed to the top, where, shortly after taking his seat, he observed a person in peculiar garb, with a red turban. There was a leaden sky overhead and a slow, drizzling rain, such weather as is the rule rather than the exception in the British metropolis.

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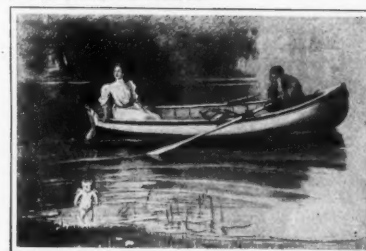
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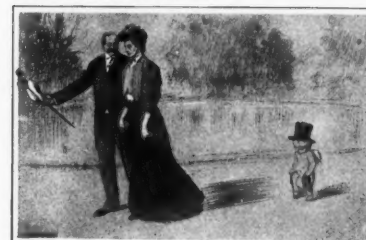
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